

THE GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4

The Turquoise Mines of New Mexico.

LEAVING the ambulance within a mile of the mines, we toiled wearily along the mountains, well named the Rocky. Their surface is strewn with fragments, broken as if chipped with hammers—a rugged pavement, which bruised our feet, tore our shoes and wore out our patience; and when at last we reached the first mine, we thought it but a continuation of *Los Cerrillos*. The most ancient is much the largest, and to this we directed our steps. Under the dizzy crags which overhang it is a sheltered recess, blackened with smoke and bedded with ashes made by camp-fires of Indians, who still frequent the spot, in search of the precious *chalchuite*. With difficulty we reached this cave and, leaning over the edge, looked down and saw, not a narrow, black shaft, but half a mountain cut away. Undoubtedly, the mineral lay here which, through countless generations, furnished the Indian Kings with their most valued ornaments. The yawning pit is two hundred feet deep and more than three hundred in diameter. Probably the work of aborigines before De Soto's requiem mingled with the voice of the rushing waters of his burial-place; when Columbus had seen the New World only in that vision of the night, where the unknown voice whispered: "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounding through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the Ocean, which are closed with strong chains."

On the walls of the great excavation Nature has gently, patiently done what she could to smooth the rugged crags, and has thrown out of their fissures a scant growth of shrubs and trailed a scarlet blossom here and there on a threelike stem. At the bottom, on stones crumbling with age, stained and weather-worn, are dwarf pines, the growth of centuries. In this close amphitheater there is no breeze to stir their tops, and their motionless foliage, with its sombre shadows, adds to the ever-present mountain-gloom.

Thousands of tons of rock have been crushed from the solid mass, and thrown up in such a high heap it seems another mountain, overgrown with old pines and dry, gray mosses. On a few fragments we noticed the turquoise stain—"indication" of valuable mineral. When we consider that all this digging, hewing and hacking were done by hand-labor alone, without knowledge of domestic animals, iron or gunpowder, the debris carried away in sacks of skins, the enormity of the work is the more impressive. The tradition is that the *chalchuite* mines, through immemorial ages known to the primitive race, were possessed by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. Indian slaves then worked them, under the lash of the conqueror, until 1680, when, by accident, a portion of the rock from which we had our first view fell, and killed thirty Pueblos. The Spaniards immediately made a requisition on the town of San Marcos for more natives to take their places; when, with a general uprising, they drove the hated oppressor from the country as far south as El Paso del Norte. I give the tale for what it is worth. Mining atmospheres are the favorite haunts of fable, and a spic of truth is enough to flavor whole volumes of stories, charming but delusive. An airy legend hovers about Santa Fe that two stones from "*La Canadita de las Minas*"—Glen of Mines—are still among the crown jewels of Aragon. But *chalchuite* were valueless after being once submitted to the jewelers of Spain; and the sparkling story, like many another told by the camp-like, loses its original brightness when removed to the searching light of the student's lamp.

Careful analysis shows the constituents of the *chalchuite* are nearly the same as those of the Persian turquoises, and their formation the result of infiltration. Sometimes they are washed up by heavy rains; but usually are discovered by digging in the sandstone or are broken out from the body of the rock.

Not being disposed to dig, we retraced our path, and climbed around to the top of the shelving crag above us, and looked over the plateau. Eastwardly it stretches towards Santa Fe, beyond which the stony mountains lift their high heads. On the southwest it opens toward the Rio Grande in a measureless vista, where earth and sky appear to meet. A plain, oppressive in its vastness, lying in the midst of a stone wilderness, seems relieved by the solitary peaks Sandia and Albuquerque. In every direction mountains grim and fixed as walls of adamant, apparently immovable as the throne of God. Low in the horizon one feathered cloud hung motionless in a sapphire sky. The world seemed stricken dead. No verdure to cool the parched grass; no water, "the eye of the earth," glancing up toward heaven; no waving branches beckoning like friendly hands to cool shade and shelter; no wagon-road or foot-path to mark the track of men; not a sound to break a stillness which is not the hush of profound peace, but the everlasting silence of death.

Long before I joined my companions I had heard shouts of exultation, and, wondering what prospector had struck it, I learned that a piece of *chalchuite* had been brought out of the lining of a seam where it had lain under the roots of a stunted shrub, in appearance not unlike spicewood. It was near an inch in length by half an inch in thickness; a large and lovely specimen, the color sea-green, delicately shaded into blue—the latter the result of decomposition, so the scientist said.

The owner of this "regular bonanza" was our driver. He made no effort to conceal his delight; and with reason, for it was a rare piece of mineral, and he a lucky miner to obtain it with so little trouble, or even to get it at all. Such a stone the gentle and gracious Montezuma might have worn in his signet-ring or set in the clasp of his green mantle of feather-work. Such a gift would have made still brighter the bright eyes of the laughing Princess Nestasia, the spoiled darling, whose death was the crowning horror of the *Noche Triste*.—Mrs. Governor Wallace, in *N. Y. Independent*.

BEF-STREAK CAKES.—One and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, three and one-fourth cups of flour. Divide equally: To one-half add one-half cup of chopped raisins, cinnamon and cloves to taste. This makes four round tins. Put together in alternate layers of dark and light. One egg for icing to put between layers.

Burglars sometimes hide under the bed, but the *New York News* has seen a cow-hide in a school-room.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not pure and stronger thereby.

THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

We called her Matie. Early with the lark Her merry voice gave greeting to the sun. Her drowsy days must grow to "grown-ups" Before her round of duties should be done. Her eager feet sped through the house—all day.

Her small man watched for her little form; Who else could hold such firm and gentle sway? The soft untiring of each tangled knot; None ever asked her care or love in vain. Or felt himself neglected or forgot.

"What beauty had she?" We could not have told. If she so fair, but ever lived or been, For loveliness of form and mold, What was worn by our own householder queen?

Our lives were guided by her gentle power; Through her right seemed to triumph over wrong;

She was bright, though she had been cast down;

Her sweet "Good night" was our best evening song.

Old Hanna's Account of Jackson's Death.

THERE is still living in Tennessee a colored woman, "Old Hannah," in whose arms the wife of General Jackson died and who was present at the General's death-bed. She is now eighty-nine years old, and still does service as a nurse. To a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial who lately visited her she gave the following account of General Jackson's death:

"Ole master was sick when he came home from Washington last time. He had a bad cough, but I never saw him bleed at the lungs, as they say did, and I was with him or about him all the time. His feet would swell sometimes, but he said it was from sittin' so much. He used to smoke and chew more than any one I ever saw, and it gave him headache, he said. About three years before he died he was at breakfast one morning, and was taken sick and left the table. We thought he had swallowed a fish-bone. He never ate in the dining room after that. I always took his meals to him. He had a little table he could eat off when sick, as it could be swung around to him.

"During the last year of his life his breakfast was a raw egg, beaten up with brown sugar, and milk right from the cow. About 11 o'clock hot corn griddle-cakes and a glass of fresh butter-milk, which he liked very much, was taken to him. On Friday morning before he died he ate as common. On Saturday when I fetched him his egg and milk he was lying on the bed with his eyes closed, and did not move. I asked George if he was asleep. Ole master then opened his eyes, and I handed him the glass. He held it in his hand a little while looking at me, and said, 'Well, Hannah, you will soon be doing this to your old master.' He spoke very feeble. When I got back to the kitchen I told Betty and Dick, the cooks, that ole master would not last long. Dick spoke up in his sassy way and says: 'O, you think you are a prophet.' Ole master will see the goos that will raise the goslin' that will eat the grass off of your grave.'

"On Sunday, the day of his death, when I brought his egg and milk he could not drink it. His eyes looked so curious that I went out and told Mistus Sarah. She ran to the storeroom, got some brandy, loaf-sugar and spice, burned the brandy and carried it to him. He took one or two teaspoons and it revived him, but he didn't speak the whole day. The doctor said to Mistus Sarah to send the servants out of the room, but we refused to go. One of the servants went on to cryin' and lamentin' she had to be carried out.

"About an hour before he died he come to. We had all thought he was gone before that. Young Master Andrew leaned over him and said, 'Father, do you know me?' O, yes, my son. I know you.' Then Dick, the cook, asked if he knew him? He nodded that he did, and said, 'Richard, hand me my spes.' He always called him Richard. They were handed to him from the bureau. Ole master wet them with his tongue, wiped them with the sheet, and put them on. He looked around at us all and said: 'Where's poor George and Hannah? I have it that you shall be taken care of.' He saw Mrs. Adams, young mistress's sister, who lived in the family. She was standing by, crying. He said to her, 'Mrs. Adams, while a bit of my property is left you may call it yours.' He then turned to us all again and said: 'I want you all to meet me in Heaven. My words are for you all. God is no respecter of color. I hope to be saved through the blood of Christ. I am in God and God is in me. He dwelleth in me and I in Him.' I shall never forget it. I have often tried to say it myself when near death's door, but shrank back for fear I was unworthy. Yes, he's up yonder, he's up yonder," continued the old creature, excitedly: "he's met my husband, and I shall soon meet them both."

"While saying these words he was propped up on pillows. He asked to have them drawn out. Young Mistus cried, 'No, don't, George, don't!' but Master gave George a look which showed he meant it should be done. George took two out. Ole Master sighed, hunched up his shoulders, drew just one breath, and all was over. There was no struggle. Young Mistus fainted and was carried to her room. The darkness could not be driven out. Our master, our father was gone. We looked upon him as though we had as much right there as Master Andrew."

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Free Press writes: "Lend me your assistance in this plea, namely, that all parents shall see to it that the present narrow-brimmed or no-brimmed hat or cap be absolutely set aside. The falsehood of the common position is that the 'Glengary' cap, and its wretched modifications, are used to gratify a perhaps pardonable affection of the style robust, in utter forgetfulness of the fact that we have no Scotch mist softening of the sun's fierce rays. Our boys' eyes are unprotected in any adequate manner; and, I submit, aside from the immediate discomfort and too often inflammation and injury caused, it is not reasonable to believe that premature loss of vigor in sight and other diseases must inevitably in a majority of cases result? I desire to advocate, for our boys at least, a return to the eye-protecting vision of our own youth, and earnestly appeal to all parents to put away this vanity of the narrow brim while it be yet not too late."

An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA," ALBIA, IOWA, MAY 25, 1880.

To Whom it may Concern:

I take great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years, and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am to-day feeling strong and well. I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the medi-

cine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others.

G. W. STANNY.

Kneading Bread.

HERE is a little incident which not only has the merit of being true, but the additional one of containing a much needed by girls.

A lady in one of our large cities was interested in finding employment for the numbers of needy, idle women during the years of great depression in trade. One day a young woman came to her who had tried in turn to fill a place as shop-girl, seamstress, chamber-maid, cook, hair-dresser and patent medicine vendor, and been discharged from all as incompetent.

"You have never learned any trade or handicraft?" asked the lady.

"Well, no, nothing particular. I was handy in a general way."

"Is there no one thing you can do thoroughly well?"

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

The woman reflected, then her face lit.

"I could knead bread. I always did better than any one else on the farm."

THE GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, AT \$7.00 PER YEAR

THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY.

OFFICE ON NORTH MAIN STREET,

JANESVILLE, - - WISCONSIN.

The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than the combined circulation of any five newspapers in Rock county.

THE CITY

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED FOR AT TEN CENTS PER LINE, FIRST INSERTION AND SIX CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION IN DAILY. DAILY AND WEEKLY TWENTY CENTS FIRST, AND TWELVE CENTS EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION.

VINCENT'S AND PELOUBET'S NOTES on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1881. One dollar each, at Sutherland's Bookstore.

THE MILK DEALERS say that the price of milk and feed is double what it was last winter, and they are compelled to advance the price to 6 cents per quart.

Leave orders for ice at Mrs. Zeininger's store and No. 2 Engine house.

ICE!! ICE!! - Ice by the load 75 cents, delivered to any part of the city. Orders left at City Coal Yard will receive prompt attention. E. CONE.

FOR SALE - At the Gazette counting room a velocipede scroll saw, price very low.

FOR SALE - One set of Howe's celebrated sliding poise, platform scales, just received from the manufacturers, can be seen at the GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE - One of the celebrated Improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE - A new Mosler, Balmann & Co. safe, weighing eleven hundred pounds, can be seen at GAZETTE counting room.

If you want a nice Christmas present call at R. W. King's and buy Webster's New Edition Unabridged Dictionary with three thousand engravings.

LOCAL MATTER.

Ladies' and Gent's Stationery.

For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., at reasonable prices, call at Sutherland's Bookstore.

OVER 15,000 Howe Scales sold. Borden, Selck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

GO to A. J. Roberts for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Price, 15 cents.

MANKIND RESTORED.

A victim of early infirmities, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-care, which he will send free to his fellow-men. H. R. REEVES, 43 Chatman St., N.Y.

now ready.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station B, New York City. Jan 22d/80.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately - depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

Coughs.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate COUGHS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. For thirty years these Troches have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, but, having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.

THE THROAT. - "Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. *Speakers and Singers* find the Troches useful.

A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, as neglect often times results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining uncalled for in the Janesville, Wisconsin, Post Office for the week ending January 4, 1881.

LADIES.

Arnold, F. Mrs. Nichols, J. E. Mrs. Cook, Caroline Miss. Paskey, Mary Miss. Conner, Mary Miss. Dow, Jessie Miss. Donahue, Mrs. Smith, Susan Miss. Lepner, John D. Mrs. Williams, Susie Mrs. Myers, Susan Miss.

GENTLEMEN.

Adams, Leroy. Mitchell, H. Mackon, Wm. N. Palmer, Geo. H. Parker, Geo. Smith, Z. C. Stetson, J. D. Sweeten, L. J. Van Zandt, J. W. Ward, A. J. M. D. Sutherland, 2nd Wis. Vol. Inf. Farnham, Woods. Farnham, Woods. Walsh, Paul. Ward, W. W. Willard, Jno. B.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say "Advertised," naming the name of the person.

H. A. PATTERSON, P. M.

Dr. JAMES,

Lock Hospital,

204 Washington St.,

Atmospheric Sanatorium.

Chartered by the State of Illinois for the treatment of diseases of the heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, bladder, &c., and all other chronic diseases in all their forms.

Known Dr. James has treated thousands of patients during the past thirty years.

Age and experience are a guarantee of success.

Success is guaranteed to those who come to him.

Fee \$2 for \$1 or \$4 per day. Ladies \$1.

Rubber Goods \$1 per box; Ladies \$1.

sep/23dawly

On the 1st, last month, our company began to exchange the distance and time of travel for patients. A book for the million - Marlin Guide.

Cost of the book \$1000.00. Price \$1000.00.

Price of the book \$1000.00.